

REALTY ON A RISE

Home Properties in Lively Demand This Spring

EAST END LOTS SELLING

Mr. Clotterhouse Doing a Lively Business in Eligible Sites—A List of Recent Purchases.

A feeling of hopeful confidence has pervaded the local real estate market the past week. Though it has not been marked by any transfers of great magnitude or significance, the trade interest has greatly intensified and the volume of inquiries has appreciably increased. There is one thing that distinguishes the activity of the market this spring from that of many former years, and that is the large number of transfers of home sites to young men of the city who are contemplating the future Grand Rapids as their home. The influx of outside buyers has not been large this year, as compared with former years, but the purchase of homes by young artisans, accountants and business men generally is markedly larger. This fact evinces a healthy financial condition and a home faith in Grand Rapids' future as possessed by her rising generation.

This home-building and purchasing by the middle class of our citizens is a gratifying fact as an assurance of a frugal and independent citizenship for the future and, further, is significant as reflecting the phenomenal real estate conditions which obtain in the Valley City.

Values Are Low. In no other city of half the population of this, either north, south, east or west, are real estate values as low as here, or is home-building so easily accomplished. Thousands of home sites, improved by graded streets, gas, sewer and water connections, approached by street railways and easy of down-town communication, for pedestrians, many of them containing modern houses in readiness for occupancy, adorn our delightful streets and avenues and await purchasers at rates that astound the denizens of less important towns by the modest price attached. The great middle class of today, that will be the mercantile and manufacturing class of tomorrow, is awake to this condition of things, and more than ever before, is evincing a determination to take advantage of it. At the rates which obtain upon choice residence property, contiguous to the mercantile and manufacturing centers of the city, no man of moderate income can afford to be a perpetual renter. Terms of purchase suited to the condition and ability of every prudent man are offered by hundreds of real estate merchants. A little inquiry here and there, a little less in the way of down payment, and any intelligent home-seeker will be rewarded by finding a choice residence site, obtainable by a moderate exertion of economy and industry.

Prospects for the Future. Real estate investments in Grand Rapids offer advantages which do not obtain in any other city in the Union. It is not only true that property sells for a much smaller price, all other things being equal, than in equally large towns outside, but the further fact remains that the future guarantees to the purchaser not only the pleasure of independent proprietorship, but the profit of an exceptionally good investment. The future of Grand Rapids is safe. The last decade witnessed the doubling of its population and today it is rushing ahead in material and numerical accretion at a pace never before realized. Before are prospects of commercial advantages never before possessed by the city. The combined efforts of two well sustained organizations for the enhancement of local interests are vying with each other in effort, while a liberal municipal government is transforming the city upon metropolitan models and individuals are supplementing the work by material improvement. The great intra-mural problem of rapid transit has realized a more perfect solution here than in any other town on the continent. Surrounding this city, dotted with myriads of thriving cities, villages and hamlets, stretches from lake to lake the broad expanse of Michigan's incomparable soil, rich already in the wealth of its prosperous proprietors, but richer still in the prospect which future development and improved facilities shall bring in the march of progress. Of this broad territory Grand Rapids is the commercial center. With its advancement her advancement is inseparable and in its material prosperity she shall surely realize her important commercial destiny.

Real Estate in the East End. The east end in particular presents unusual activity this spring. In all directions, as far as the eye can reach, buildings are going up and the sound of the hammer and the rasp of the saw make merry music to the ear of him who takes pride in the growth of our beautiful city. Prominent among the many reasons for this remarkable growth in the east end is the extension of the Wealthy avenue car line, giving to residents a five-minute service; heretofore on the Sherman street line cars have been running only once an hour. The tracks on Sherman street are to be taken up and the street will then be graded and made into a fine driving street, it being the main road to Reed's Lake. Property has nearly doubled in value along Wealthy avenue during the past year and is bound to treble in the next two years. The fortunate possessors of vacant property are not very anxious to sell at the present prices, as lots that can be bought today for \$500 will undoubtedly bring \$800 this fall. One of the most prominent men interested in the east end is J. W. Clotterhouse. Mr. Clotterhouse showed his faith in the east end some two years ago by buying about twenty-five acres, now known as the Clotterhouse addition, on which he erected some very fine buildings. Anyone buying a lot in this addition has a promise in his contract restraining him from putting up a house on Wealthy avenue costing less than \$1500 or \$1000 on the other streets; all houses to be thirty feet from the front line of the lot, which will, as Mr. Clotterhouse intends, make one of the most desirable neighborhoods in the city. This property is high, mighty and level, and pure water in gravel is found at a depth of forty feet. In the summer when it is hot and sultry down town, it is delightfully cool out there, with a nice breeze stirring.

East End Purchases. A large number of our best people have secured lots and are going to build in this locality at once. Business and professional men in particular are taking advantage of this location. Among these are Dr. Orser, the Rev. A. T. Collier, Prof. C. A. Head of West Michigan business college, O. B. Sel-

ton of Bolton Machine works, David W. Johns, traveling man for Belknap Wagon company; Dwight Brooks, Custom Shirt factory; E. G. Miner, E. L. Johns, traveling man with Grand Rapids Custom Shirt factory; Charles L. Wells, Porter Reed, Charles Vogel, J. Barth, contractor and builder; D. D. Hawes, bookkeeper Putman Candy company; Charles J. Harper, Patrick Swan, division superintendent Consolidated Street Railway company. Many others have secured lots and will build during the summer.

The interest in this section of the city was never as great as now. The improvement in streets, sewerage, lighting and transit has immensely enhanced the value of this section of the city, and discriminating buyers are making many purchases in it.

Assistance Still Needed. Distressed Female—Oh, please, sir, give me something all the same! Benevolent Gentleman—Why "all the same"? (weeping)—Oh, sir, you don't recognize me; I'm the blind man's wife. B.—Yes, I remember you; but what's the matter? D. F.—Oh, sir, we're in fresh trouble. My poor husband has recovered his sight.—Drake's Magazine.



Where It Went. Mrs. Figg—Where is that custard I put away this noon? Tommy—I guess it vanished into the empty air.—Indianapolis Journal.

Was Not a Ball Game. The minister entered an electric car yesterday morning and sat down beside the young bank clerk who sings tenor in his choir. The minister had just been reading Gladstone's speech on the woman's suffrage movement, and the bank clerk was finishing an account of Monday's Pittsburgh-Louisville ball game. "Grand old man, that," said the minister. "Wonderful intellect; so fertile in resources."

The bank clerk looked up a little surprised and folded his paper. He did not expect to see so much enthusiasm on the part of his pastor. But he replied: "Yes, indeed, he is a grand old man, and, as you say, he plays every point in a handy way. That is the way to win too."

The minister was pleased to see the young choir singer so well posted on English politics and thought to expand the idea a little further. "He has a little force, don't you think?" he said. "Yes, great speed," replied the bank clerk, "and can strike a corking blow when his are needed. It makes me yell like a pirate to see the old horse trotting over the bases on a tied score."

This mystified the minister a little and rather puzzled him to note the use of slang speech on the part of his young member. But he said quietly: "Grand old man!"

"Grand old sport!" murmured the tenor.

The minister looked at him over his glasses. "Are you referring to Gladstone, young man?"

"Gladstone!" The clerk turned seven different colors. "I was talking of Pitcher Jimmie Galvin. Were you not at the ball game yesterday?"

The minister signaled the conductor and got off the car quickly with "that tired feeling" showing on every feature of his kind face.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

What a Baby Can Do. It can beat any alarm clock ever invented in waking a family up in the morning.

In a given time it can smash more dishes than the most industrious servant girl in the country.

It can fall down oftener and with less provocation than the most expert tumbler in the circus ring.

It can choke itself black in the face with greater ease than the most accomplished wrestler that ever was executed.

It can be relied on to sleep peacefully all day when his father is in town and cry persistently at night when he is particularly sleepy.

It may be the naughtiest, dirtiest, ugliest, most fretful baby in the world, but you never can make his mother believe it, and you had better not try.

It can be a charming and model infant when no one is about, but when visitors are present it can exhibit more bad temper than both of its parents put together.—Baby.

William's Queen. It is my lot to teach literature in a girls' class, writes a Companion correspondent. We were studying Gray's "Elegy," and had lingered long over the verse: Some village Hamlet, that with dæmning brow The little tyrant of his fields withstood, Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest, Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

"What is the meaning of the second line?" I asked.

No response.

"The little tyrant of his fields," I added, "wholly, but the girls only writhed their brows in thought."

At last one of them, a blond, brainy, amiable beauty, lifted her big brown eyes to mine and quavered nervously. "The potato bug?"—Youth's Companion.

His Last Wish. A man lying under sentence of death was asked on the morning of his execution what he would like to take, by way of "humping up his pants."

"Let me have a plateful of red cabbage, nicely pickled."

"Why?"

"You see, I'm very fond of red cabbage, and I never agreed with you, so now I think this would be a fitting token to eat my fill of it."—Captain Freeman.

Two young women of Roster, May, while making maple syrup this spring, saved for the sum of 200 loaves.

LINE OF THE MORAL

Well-Known Editors on the Suggestive in the Press

HALSTEAD ASKS NEWSPAPERS

To Remember That the Children Are the Greatest Readers—The Views of Other Editors.

I cannot furnish an essay on the subject of the daily literature of prurency. My view is that there should be free rather than censored reports, but that the common decency should be observed in revision; that matters should be prepared for publication with such reservations as are imposed in conversation when ladies are present. The subject is one full of difficulty as well as of delicacy. It should be handled with a sense of responsibility and remembrance that the

young are the greatest readers and the corruption of youth the greatest of misdemeanors.

It is to be noticed, however, that the newspaper possesses that are most conspicuous are very often associated with grossness of detail in news of crimes and disregard of propriety in personal advertisements. The English method of giving police reports strangely particular and copious under the most unpromising headlines is an improvement upon the American method of giving the dirt that is passed the most glaring display.

If it must be published it need not be distinguished and pointed out with exclamation points. If the people will have and read, I suppose the press will make it and serve it hot. The charge for the better must come from the people at large. The press is rather representative than creative. You notice, do you not, that when a journal has made a sensational success it has a drift toward decency. That is a hopeful sign.

MURRAY HALSTEAD.

Editor Cockrell Would Not Print What Women Ought Not to Read.

In reply to the interrogative as to how far a newspaper can go in the publication of court news in which evidence taken is of a suggestive and immoral nature, I would say that it would appear from recent examples in New York that some newspapers can go a great deal farther than the public good would justify. On the question how far they should go, my views are emphatic. A newspaper editor has no right to print anything in his columns that does not serve some proper public end. To print salacious matter simply because it has been produced in a courtroom is just as great an offense against public morals as to print similar matter gathered for gain in the slums. I know that it is held in many newspaper offices that publishers are not entirely responsible for the advertising which is paid for and inserted in their columns and that their moral obligation ends with editorial expression.

It is an easy matter to keep up a moral display on the editorial page of a

newspaper while devoting the remaining columns to sensationalism, questionable advertisements and demoralizing literature generally. The theory that the public should have what it wants in the way of "news" has enriched a great many publishers, but it has never yet made a great newspaper of character and influence, and never will. It unfortunately happens that our courts are often the last resort of bringing to the surface details of divorce and criminal suits which are absolutely disgusting and demoralizing.

To say that a newspaper is justified in printing these repulsive details because they come in the form of testimony is preposterous, and where it is done it is done simply to pander to a depraved appetite which is willing to pay for what it reveals in. It seems to me that the proper guide for an editor or publisher always is to assume that he will not print in his own newspaper what he would not be perfectly willing to have his wife, his daughter or any woman he respects read in public. Of course it becomes necessary sometimes to express views in terms that are not always pleasant or agreeable to decent and respectable people. When this is done the purpose should be plain and the resultant effect beneficial to public morality.

Assuredly the recent publication of the testimony in a certain case, which brought out the details of Dr. Parkhurst's visit to a notorious den, could in no way contribute to the sum of public morals or aid in any way in the reformation of evils long known to exist. Such publication was a clear case of pandering to the taste of the prurient and the depraved, and the motive behind it was purely pecuniary.

JOHN A. COCKRELL.

Myron Boston, of the Albany "Tribune," Editor of the Buffalo and Rochester papers.

The answer depends upon what kind of a newspaper it is. There is a class of newspapers the leading feature of which is to publish all the "suggestive and immoral" matter they can get, and when it is shown they manufacture it. Such publications circulate among a

class of readers of a like character, and they "go as far" as they please.

But my experience in journalism, covering nearly forty years, long since convinced me that a newspaper, in the fulfillment of its duty to publish all the news of the day, can publish any "immoral" case, in court or out of court, if it has an editor of not only good judgment but decency to handle the reporter's copy. It is the duty of the reporter to lay before the editor everything "suggestive or immoral," and it is the duty of the editor to eliminate, reconstruct and make proper to read in the family circle the matter put in his hands. All the responsibility rests with the editor handling the copy, and I regret to add that there are too many so-called editors occupying that very high position who are totally unfitted for it.

MYRON H. BOSTON.

Editor Haskell Says It All Depends on the Matter.

In answer to the question: "How far a newspaper can go in the publication of court news in which the evidence is altogether of a suggestive and immoral nature?" I should reply that it can go as far as the editor pleases—that is to say, the same rules apply here as in other news matters. Sometimes evidence, open to the characterization upon which is brought out for the best of purposes, and sometimes for no moral purpose whatever. If a clergyman is justified in reporting in his pulpit what is hidden to most people, the newspaper which publishes what he has seen is working in the same cause. These sporadic efforts to uncover vice seem to me to be of very doubtful utility. But among those who complain are many "prurient prods," as they were once called by Charles Reade. They are the very people who

lie to read filthy details. I do not believe a newspaper is justified in putting immoral pictures of any kind before its readers, unless its motive is to expose and suppress vice, and it should be sure of its ground before it does it for that purpose. It is a well-known fact that the English newspapers of highest reputation go farther than their American contemporaries in the publication of court news of the character described, but that is no justification for American newspapers, except for those people who point to English journals as models of propriety. I think the public probably the same, on the whole, makes for righteousness.

E. B. HASKELL.

J. H. Holliday, of the Indianapolis News, on Editorial Decency.

On "How far a newspaper can [ought to] go in the publication of court news in which the evidence is altogether of a suggestive and immoral nature" there need be little doubt, if the editor will disown commercial considerations and weigh the function of journalism purely—the presentation of news and comment upon it. How far ought a newspaper to go in publishing news about a great artist's work upon a picture from a nude model? How far ought it to go in publishing news about a medical college's work in a dissecting room? How far ought it to go in publishing the cause of typhoid or yellow fever attributable to defective sewerage? These questions all run to the answer that it is true for the first question. Is it necessary in describing the artist's picture—telling all the "news" there is in the subject—to describe the appearance and attitudes of the nude model with the malicious fidelity of a French novel?

Is it necessary, in telling all there is of a medical college's work, to dwell upon the raw head and bloody bones of the cadaver? Is it necessary in telling everything pertinent as to the cause of an epidemic to describe the experiences of the sewer gang, with Zolaesque particularity—tell how deep the filth was at one point, of what it was constituted,

to its advertising patronage, and viewed solely from the standpoint of business policy, it pays to be decent. There is, of course, a higher view to take, and which I have hinted at the outset, and not only do the patrons of a newspaper have a right to expect to be protected from the contamination of impurity and vice through their newspapers, but moral tone and clean utterance are just as essential to high character in a newspaper as in the individual. I do not mean by this that the facts should not be printed with regard to crime and vice of every kind, or that those guilty

of immoral or vicious acts should not have their deeds exposed, because I believe exposure is one of the most effective restraining influences, but I do mean that such exposure should be made in a way to protect the public from contact, so to speak, with crime itself. I also believe there has been a very decided advance made in the newspapers of this country in this particular of late years, and that they are much less liable to criticism for indecency and sensationalism in that direction than they were a few years ago.

J. McLANE.

BETRAYED.

He Had Stood It Long Enough, So He Put the Crowd On.

As the train stopped at a small station in Kentucky it was discovered that a switch engine had run off the track just beyond and a wrecking crew was at work getting her off. The conductor said we would be detained half an hour, and many of us went up to see the wreckers at work. There was a crowd of fifty around the spot when a fat, good natured looking man, who had a mouth big enough to take in half a pumpkin pie, came sauntering up and bowed and smiled to everybody. He was just getting ready to say something when a little skinny man with a piping voice cried out at him.

"Don't you do it, Silo Davis—don't you do it! If you do I'll give you dead away."

The good natured man fell back at this, and I saw him wink and motion to the skinny man to draw aside for a confab.

"I don't want no truck with you, Silo Davis," was the reply. "I told you last week I'd do it, and so I will; you just keep shut."

The language aroused our curiosity, as a matter of course, and we were anxious for the explanation when it came. The fat man walked around for a minute or two, and when he thought the other was not looking he slipped up to one of our crowd and softly remarked:

"Stranger, would you mind lending me a chew of plug tobacco for a day or two, till I can get twenty-seven dollars as is owing me on a job?"

"Here, you!" shouted the skinny man, who had kept all eye open all the time. "I warned you I'd do it and now I will! Gentlemen, I want to tell you about this critter. He chaws mo' tobacco than any fo' men in Kentucky and he begs every bit of it!"

"I only borrows it," protested the other.

"Only borrows it! And never pays! Gentlemen, look at this memorandum book. Here's his account all put down and figured up to date. He begun borrowing chaws of me the 5th of May, 1876, and in the fifteen years has borrowed just exactly \$4,082 chaws and never paid one 'em back. Don't no man in this 'ere crowd pull out no plug for any sich critter to bite on."

"I don't want none—I'm a chawin on sawmuffas," replied the fat man, as he tried to brace up under the shock, but he didn't hold his nerve over a minute, and went off to hide himself behind a freight car.—Detroit Free Press.

A Busy Man.

Just as a Cass avenue man turned into his gate he met a tramp coming out.

"Here," said the gentleman, "you're the very man I'm looking for."

"I hain't done nothing, sir," pleaded the tramp.

"Oh, I don't suppose you have. I don't imagine you ever did, but I want you to now."

"What is it, sir?" trembled the tramp.

"Will you do some work for me out there in the back yard right away?"

The wanderer's face lost its lines of care, for he felt that he was safe.

"I'd love to, sir," he said, "love to the best in the world, but really I can't do it now, for I'm busy."

"Busy?" And the gentleman's surprise was manifest in his tone.

"Yes, sir, busy."

"Busy at what, I'd like to know?"

"Busy tryin to git a bite, sir. I have not had anything to eat since last night, and I've been to fifty houses. Your cook refused me not five minutes ago, and I've got to hustle or go hungry. I'm dool sorry, sir, but you'll have to get somebody else to work. Bye bye."

And he shuffled around the corner and got away.—Detroit Free Press.

Distressing Ignorance.

A young lady graduate of Vassar college got married not long since and the young couple moved into the country. She said she wanted a cow so that they could have good, reliable milk. Her husband bought the cow and hired a man to milk it.

"Are you satisfied now, my dear, now that you have plenty of good, fresh milk?" he asked her one morning at the breakfast table.

"No, Charles; I want another cow, but not one like this one."

"What sort of a cow do you want?"

"One that will supply us with nice, fresh butter."—Texas Siftings.

On His Feet Again.

"I am glad to see you on your feet again, Mr. Barrows," said Miss Parrelaw graciously. "You looked very bad last time I saw you."

"You must be mistaken, Miss Parrelaw," said Barrows. "I have never been ill. Where did you see me last?"

"You were in the park—a horse-back."—New York Sun.

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"You were in the park—a horse-back."—New York Sun.

FIRE!! FIRE! FIRE!!

A Sheet of Flame A Cloud of Smoke

Slashing, crashing, windows smashing.
Mischievous brewing, furniture stewing;
What is the noble fireman doing?
With axe and hose he saves the wreck,
Fights the flames, the fire to check;
Great drops of tears roll down his neck,
And "his name is Pat Maloy."

A "close call," a narrow escape and we are thankful to be alive and well to tell the tale. Now then, if you desire to look upon the charred remains of elegant furniture, the remnants and fragments of what has been, visit the basement of our establishment.